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## **Ronald Bollou Letter**

Ronald Bollou

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Dr England,

25 April 1974

The raindrop fell from the sky, new, fresh and innocent. As it fell the thunder boomed out threats, and warned of the dangers of life, and whispered the evils of the world in the little raindrop's ear. The wind whistled softly and blew our friend on course with love power and kindness. Earth reached up with warm arms and enclosed the fledgling to her body. New life and wonder. The growth was staggering; hundreds of drops joined the fraternity, gathering forces, hurrying down trees meeting Divisions in pathways, laughing as the puddles overflowed, streaking off in Nations to the Brooks. Mother River watched and waited - praying and waiting, gaining strength and watching - all knowing and wise. Some cries were heard as the Nations wisked under the bridge and collided with the creek. Many lost identity as the Creek became Stream, but some held heads aloft and cried for knowledge. Mother River heard the pleas and leveled the land so the Stream slowed. There were too many, and no room was left. Some tried other routes to gain individualism, but all streams flow to the same truth and she, Mother River, was there waiting patiently. Some cursed her strength, some said nothing but glided along in quiet submission, and some trampled on others to gain her favors. And to some she was God's Servant. The stream finally gave way to Mother River, and she blessed them all. None escaped her caring eye. They regained self and all rose to the top. Bless her warm waters and strength. She cared when we did not, she loved when we did not, and she thought truth when we sought fame. God bless her waters and let them flow forever.

I will always think of you this way.

Love,  
Ross Ballou